

ANC

CLEAN COMICS FOR EVERYONE

JULY

No. 103

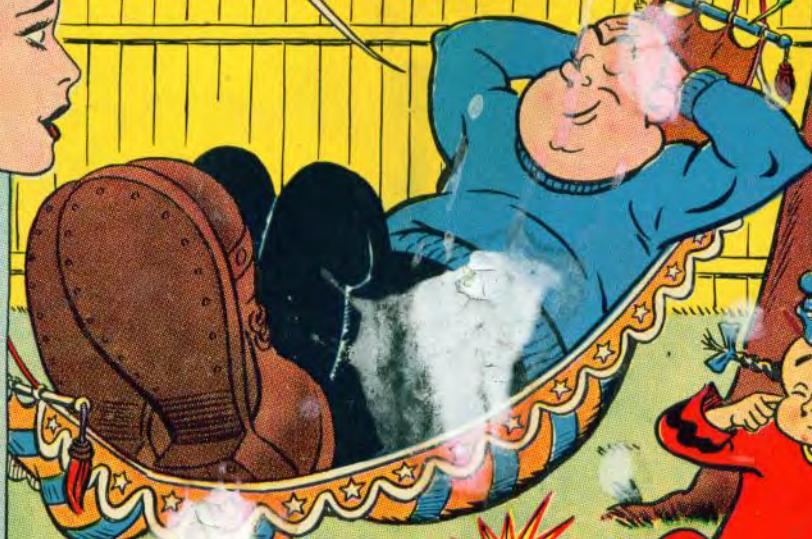
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# BIG SHOT

OH, HOW I LOVE  
A NICE, QUIET  
FOURTH OF JULY,  
DIXIE!

N5/27



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# Take Pictures Day or Night Indoors or Outdoors



FLASH  
ATTACHMENT,  
LIKE PRESS  
PHOTOGRAPHERS  
CARRY  
**TAKE 16  
PICTURES  
AT OUR EXPENSE**

Mail coupon and we'll send camera together with two nationally advertised flash bulbs, plus a regular 16 picture roll No. 127 film. Deposit \$5.95 plus C.O.D. postage through postman on arrival. Keep camera 10 days. Take two flash pictures indoors or at night and take the remaining pictures outdoors. Have your film developed and if you then don't agree you've made the camera buy of a lifetime, return camera and we will refund not only your \$5.95 price of the camera but the developing cost as well! The pictures are yours.

AND THAT ISN'T ALL! Each and every camera is unconditionally guaranteed perfect mechanically by the manufacturer. There's nothing to wear out, nothing to get out of order. A lifetime of picture taking, indoors and outdoors, day or night, dark days or bright days, even pictures in color, is yours for the asking on an offer that defies comparison. Mail coupon today.

**EVEREADY  
CARRYING CASE  
with Your Name in Gold letters**



SPECIAL at only \$1.50

Heavy simulated leather with shoulder strap. Print plainly on coupon name you want in gold letters. Sold only with camera purchase.

MARTINS-DAVID CO., Dept. C52 J  
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.

For production reasons this well known manufacturer has changed designs . . . that is why this amazing nationally advertised camera with flash attachment for inside and night picture taking is yours for but a fraction of the intended price! It's a once in a lifetime offer . . . and we invite you to take two inside pictures and fourteen outside pictures at our risk. Picture size  $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ . Mail coupon today!

**Complete with  
2 Super Flash Bulbs \$5.95  
and Roll High Speed Film**

TAX PAID

This amazing Minicam camera uses standard No. 127 film you get at any drug store, but the first roll of high speed panchromatic film is our gift . . . for your testing convenience. The camera is built of indestructible stainless aluminum. Has 50 mm. universal focus with precision ground and polished fluorida coated lens; no guessing. Just aim through the optical type eye level view finder and press the button. Take indoor or outdoor, day or night pictures. Yes, you'll get pictures impossible to take with ordinary outdoor cameras. Camera takes color pictures just as easy. But let home trial offer convince you. Mail coupon today.



**SEND NO MONEY: Mail Coupon Today**

**HOME TRIAL OFFER**

Send Minicam Camera, Flash Attachment, 2 flash bulbs and 16 picture roll film. I'll deposit \$5.95 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on guarantee I can return camera in 10 days and you will refund purchase price plus film developing costs. I can keep pictures for my trouble. (Send \$5.95 with order and we pay postage.)

For \$1.50 extra send imitation leather shoulder strap carrying case imprinted with this name in gold letters.  
(No refunds on case)

**MARTINS-DAVID CO., Dept. C52 J  
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

# SPARKY WATTS

by  
Boody  
Rogers

South Bend, Ind.

Dear Sparky;  
My two children and I follow  
your adventures every month in  
Big Shot Comics, and we feel that  
you are a very close friend, so  
your problem touches us very

I was engaged to a boy who  
was injured in World War I.  
The doctors said he would be  
a wheelchair invalid for life,  
but I married him just the  
same. I'm sure my love and  
care helped him get well. He  
walks now with only a slight  
limp and is a wonderful  
husband and father. Marry  
Dotty and help her get well.  
Please don't publish my name.

Mrs. —

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WHAT'S THAT,  
SPARKY---SOME  
MORE MAIL  
ABOUT YOU  
AND DOTTY  
DASH?

YES, DOC---I GOT  
LOTS OF LETTERS  
AGAIN TODAY---I'M  
SEPARATING THEM  
IN TWO GROUPS!



IT  
SEEMS  
THERE ARE  
MORE IN  
THE "NO"  
BOX !

YES---SO FAR  
216 PEOPLE SAY  
I SHOULDN'T MARRY  
DOTTY SINCE SHE  
BECAME CRIPPLED---  
---AND 198 SAY I  
SHOULD! LISTEN  
TO THIS ONE---IT'S  
FROM LUBBOCK,  
TEXAS!



# BIG SHOT

"DEAR SPARKY---BOY! ARE YOU IN A PICKLE?" I KNEW A GIRL WHO WAS HURT IN A BASKETBALL GAME AND HER BOY FRIEND MARRIED HER EVEN THOUGH ALL HIS FRIENDS ADVISED HIM AGAINST IT! THE GIRL GOT WELL OKAY---BUT STILL PRETENDS HER BACK HURTS AND WON'T LIFT HER LITTLE PINKY TO EVEN WASH HER OWN DIRTY DISHES -----"

The boy works ten hours a day earning her a living, plus waiting on her and doing all the housework and he's becoming a WRECK himself while she lies around reading books, listening to the radio, and eating chocolates! So my advice is Never marry an invalid unless there's no possible way to avoid it!

Sincerely yours,  
Lloyd Barnett.

THAT'S AN EXTREME CASE, SPARKY---BUT MR. BARNETT IS RIGHT! PLEASE DON'T MARRY DOTTY UNLESS SHE FIRST GETS WELL!

LISTEN TO THIS LETTER, DOC!

"DEAR SPARKY--PLEASE MARRY DOTTY! A LITTLE THING LIKE A **BROKEN BACK** SHOULDN'T KEEP TWO PEOPLE APART WHO REALLY LOVE EACH OTHER. I'M SURE MY HUSBAND FELL ON HIS **HEAD** WHEN HE WAS A BABY BECAUSE HE DOESN'T HAVE **ENOUGH SENSE** TO HOLD A JOB A WEEK. I DO SEWING AND TAKE IN WASHING, AND MY DARLING HUSBAND DELIVERS THE PACKAGES FOR ME---WHEN HIS HEAD ISN'T ACHING---WHICH IS MOST OF THE TIME. I WANT YOU TO MARRY DOTTY SO THERE WILL BE SOMEBODY ELSE WHO IS AS **MISERABLE** AS I AM!

YOURS TRULY,  
TIRED TILLY."

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GAG---BUT IT MAKES SENSE! YOU WOULD BE MISERABLE TO THE LAST DAY OF YOUR LIFE!!

NO, DOC---I WOULD FEEL THAT I HAD DONE THE HONORABLE THING BY MARRYING DOTTY--AND PERHAPS MY LOVE AND TENDER CARE WOULD HELP HER GET WELL!



HERE'S ONE THAT'S ON MY SIDE----  
---"DEAR SPARKY, MARRY DOTTY! SHE'LL MAKE YOU A WONDERFUL WIFE! IF YOU DON'T WANT HER, SEND FOR ME AT ONCE! I'LL MARRY HER---  
---AND HOW!! WOW!!!  
BOB STUTEVoss,  
SACRAMENTO, CALIF."



# BIG SHOT

WHILE YOU'RE TABULATING YOUR MAIL, SPARKY, I'LL SEE HOW DOTTY IS FEELING!

HERE'S A LETTER FROM MAX VANBIBBER OF WATERFORD, CONN. HE SAYS----"LOVE IS THE BEST MEDICINE KNOWN TO SCIENCE!"

BEFORE I GOT MARRIED I WAS SO NERVOUS I COULDN'T TIE MY NECKTIE---NOW I DON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE BECAUSE I DON'T OWN A TIE! WHOEVER SAID TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEAPLY AS ONE SHOULD HAVE HIS BIG FAT HEAD EXAMINED!" HMM---I GUESS THIS GOES IN THE "NO" BOX!!

GOOD MORNING, MR. DASH---YOU SHOULD GET SOME REST---YOU'VE BEEN SITTING UP WITH DOTTY ALL NIGHT!

DAD'S A GOOD NURSE---BUT HE WON'T HAVE TO BE MUCH LONGER---I FEEL LIKE I'M WELL NOW!

DOTTY, YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THE TRUTH----THE REASON YOU DON'T FEEL ANY PAIN IS BECAUSE YOU'RE PARALYZED FROM YOUR SHOULDERS DOWN?

PARALYZED!! WHY, DOCTOR, I'M NOT PARALYZED! I CAN MOVE MY ARMS---SEE!!

YES, YOUR ARMS--BUT NOT YOUR BODY OR FEET! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO REMAIN IN BED---ER---

--A LONG TIME!

HOW LONG, DOCTOR---A WEEK---TWO WEEKS---A MONTH MAYBE?

I CAN'T LIE TO YOU, DOTTY! UNLESS SOME MIRACLE HAPPENS YOU'LL BE IN BED ALL YOUR LIFE---YOUR---YOUR BACK IS BROKEN!

BUT---BUT I'VE HEARD OF PEOPLE WITH BROKEN BACKS GETTING WELL! CAN'T YOU OPERATE ON ME AND---

YES---WE CAN OPERATE---BUT YOUR CONDITION IS VERY SERIOUS!

THE DOCTOR SAYS THERE WOULD BE ONLY ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND OF YOUR PULLING THROUGH---AND EVEN IF YOU LIVED YOU MIGHT NOT BE CURED!!

# BIG SHOT

THEN WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT ONE CHANCE! I WANT TO GET WELL SO I CAN MARRY SPARKY!

I FORBID IT! I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE SOME STRANGER RISKING MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE!

BUT DOCTOR STATIC ISN'T A STRANGER---AND HE KNOWS MY CONDITION BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE---HE CAN OPERATE ON ME!

BUT--BUT--I HAVEN'T PERFORMED AN OPERATION IN YEARS--I DON'T EVEN TRUST MYSELF TO CUT MY OWN TOENAILS!! I'M OLD--AND NERVOUS--AND----

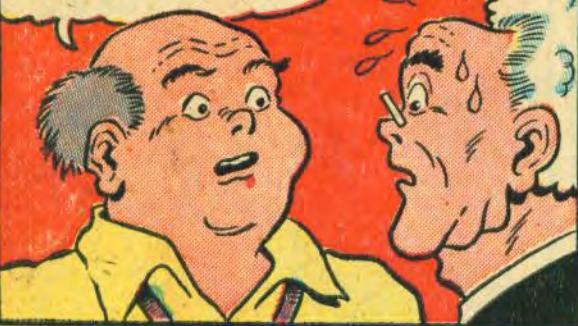


DOTTY'S RIGHT, DOC! IF ANYONE CAN RESTORE HER TO HEALTH, IT'S YOU! IF SHE'S WILLING TO RISK HER LIFE FOR FUTURE HAPPINESS, I WON'T STAND IN HER WAY!!

BUT--BUT--  
BUT--

NO "BUTS" ABOUT IT! WE BEG YOU TO DO IT, AND YOU CAN'T REFUSE TO HELP YOUR FRIENDS---DOTTY AND I BOTH TRUST YOU---ONLY YOU!!

DON'T WORRY, DOC--I WON'T DIE---I WANT TO LIVE---I WILL LIVE---SO I CAN MAKE SPARKY A GOOD WIFE!

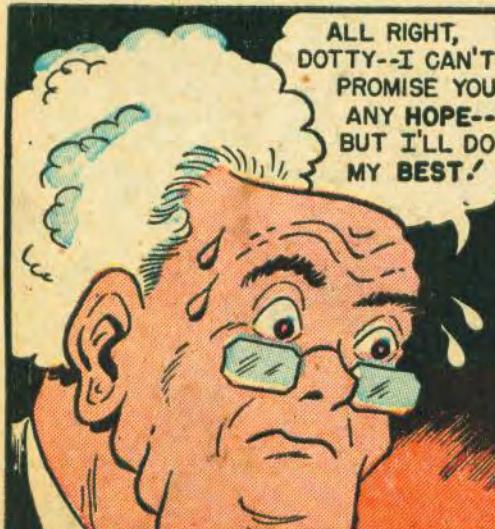


ALL RIGHT, DOTTY--I CAN'T PROMISE YOU ANY HOPE--BUT I'LL DO MY BEST!

SPARKY, HOW'S YOUR COUNT COMING?

THE "DO'S" ARE GAINING ON THE "DON'TS"---HERE'S ONE FROM JEAN PROVINCE OF PHOENIX, ARIZONA---

DEAR SPARKY;  
YOU PROMISED TO MARRY DOTTY BEFORE SHE WAS HURT--SO IF YOU'RE HALF THE MAN I THINK YOU ARE, YOU'LL KEEP YOUR PROMISE.



NO

YES

# BIG SHOT

HEY!!  
YOU AREN'T  
LISTENING  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?

I'M GOING  
TO REFRESH  
MY MEMORY  
ON SPINAL  
OPERATIONS!

SPINAL---?---SAY!!  
YOU AREN'T THINKING  
ABOUT OPERATING  
ON DOTTY ??

WELL---  
ER---SHE  
AND HER  
FATHER  
WANT ME  
TO---



YOU HAVEN'T DONE  
SURGICAL WORK IN **YEARS**!  
YOU MIGHT BE TOO SLOW--  
---AND LOOK AT YOUR  
HAND---IT----IT'S  
**SHAKING LIKE**  
**A LEAF!!**

YES, KNOWING  
THAT THE **SKILL**  
OF MY OLD HANDS  
WILL MEAN **LIFE**  
OR **DEATH** FOR  
**DOTTY SCARES**  
**ME STIFF!**

DOC, YOU CAN'T  
DO **THIS**! IF  
DOTTY INSISTS ON  
AN OPERATION  
LET'S CALL  
IN SOME  
SPECIALISTS!

NO, SPARKY,  
DOTTY  
TRUSTS DOC!  
AND **HER**  
CONFIDENCE  
PLUS **DOC'S**  
TENDERNESS  
WILL BRING  
HER THROUGH!



HERE'S JOYCE, DOTTY'S  
SISTER----SPARKY, YOU  
AND JOYCE PREPARE  
MY OPERATING TABLE  
WHILE I DO SOME FAST  
READING!

OKAY---BUT I  
DON'T LIKE **ANY**  
PART OF THIS!  
I HAVE A  
**DREADFUL**  
FEELING ABOUT  
DOTTY'S  
**SAFETY!!**

JOYCE---I KNOW  
DOC WILL DO HIS  
**DEAD LEVEL BEST**--  
---BUT SOMETHING  
TELLS ME THAT  
DOTTY WILL **NEVER**  
LIVE THROUGH  
THE OPERATION!

OF COURSE  
SHE WILL, SPARKY  
---YOU MUSTN'T  
THINK OF SUCH  
THINGS!



# BIG SHOT

I CAN'T HELP IT!  
I SHOULD MARRY HER  
BEFORE THE OPERATION--  
---MAYBE IT WOULD GIVE  
HER THAT LITTLE EXTRA  
COURAGE SHE'LL  
NEED!

NO, NO, DEAR  
BOY----I DON'T  
THINK YOU SHOULD  
EVEN MENTION  
MARRIAGE TO HER  
---SHE'S VERY  
EXCITABLE!!

SHE IS!?  
I NEVER  
NOTICED  
THAT SHE WAS  
EXCITABLE!

HEAVENS YES!  
AND SHE SOMETIMES  
FLIES INTO AN  
UNCONTROLLABLE  
RAGE! SHE'S JUST  
THE OPPOSITE OF  
ME ---I NEVER  
GET ANGRY!

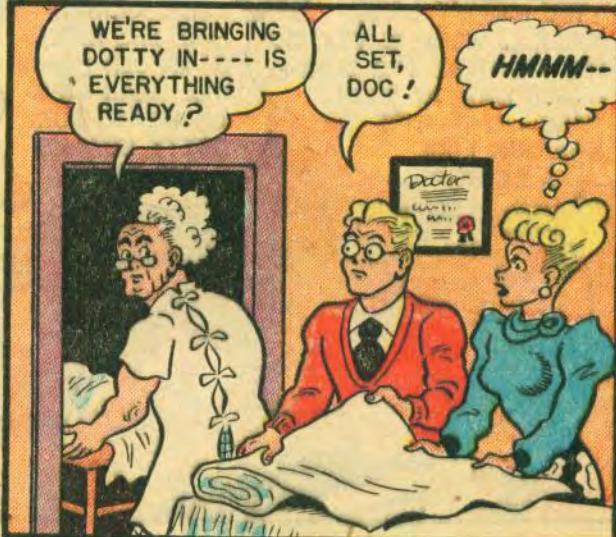


SPARKY, I HATE TO SAY  
THIS WITH POOR SISTER  
SO CLOSE TO DEATH---BUT--  
---BUT I WISH I HAD MET  
YOU BEFORE DOTTY DID--  
---WE'RE SO MUCH  
ALIKE!

WE'RE BRINGING  
DOTTY IN--- IS  
EVERYTHING  
READY?

ALL  
SET,  
DOC!

HMM--



I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT  
SPARKY CAN SEE IN A CRIPPLED  
GIRL WHEN BIG, BEAUTIFUL,  
HEALTHY ME IS AVAILABLE!!  
I'VE MADE UP MY MIND---I'M  
GOING TO ESTABLISH A BEACH-  
HEAD ON SPARKY'S BROAD  
SHOULDERS!!

WE HAVEN'T ROOM TO PRINT ALL THE LETTERS  
SPARKY HAS RECEIVED----BUT OUR WARMEST THANKS  
FOR THE NICE LETTERS FROM FANS LISTED BELOW---

## HOW YOU VOTED

### SPARKY SHOULD MARRY-

JIM DOBBS..... ST. LOUIS, MO.  
RIDY DODGE..... GARY, IND.  
SUE PLACE..... WICHITA, KAN.  
BOB BROWN.... DALLAS, TEX.  
RAY CURTIS..... B'KLYN, N.Y.  
S. STANISLAUS.... "

JOE McCRAW..... CHILDRESS, TEX.

WM. MARCOWSKI..... PHILLY.

EVA STONE.... WESTBURY, N.Y.

JUDY TOBIN.... CASPER, WYO.

S. DE BEAU.... NEW ORLEANS

### SPARKY SHOULD NOT MARRY-

AL CARRENO.... SANTA FE, N.M.  
NED MALONE.... KANSAS CITY  
KATE DALLS.... EUGENE, ORE.  
FRANCIS FORD.... DENVER, COLO.  
ALICE SHAW.... PUEBLO, COLO.  
L.M. BLACK.... SAN ANTONIO  
R. ROSENFIELD.... ROSLYN, N.Y.

P.S. ANOTHER BATCH OF  
LETTERS HAS JUST ARRIVED.  
THE VOTE NOW STANDS AT  
533 FOR--- 619 AGAINST.

NEXT  
ISSUE...

CRISIS  
AND  
DOUBLE  
CROSS.

# BIG SHOT

## Dixie Dugan

BY  
MC'EOY AND STRIEBEL

JOE — IN A WAY IT'S A  
SHAME TO KEEP ANIMALS  
PENNED UP LIKE  
THIS

OH IT IS,  
IS IT P

IF OSCAR HERE COULD TALK  
HE'D PROBABLY TELL YOU  
HOW ALL THE ANIMALS  
FEEL



I FORGOT TO CLOSE  
THE DOOR ONE DAY—

BACK TO THE FOREST HE RAN —

IT FINALLY CAME TIME  
FOR DINNER —



AND DINNER TIME PASSED —

THEN — A HUNTER.



A TRAP —



GOLLY — THEY ARE LUCKY  
— NO HUNTERS — TAXES  
— NOTHING TO WORRY  
ABOUT!

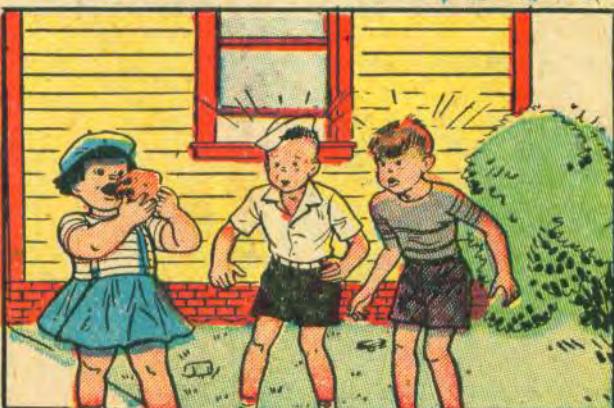
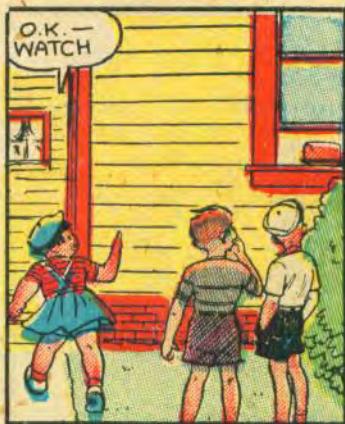
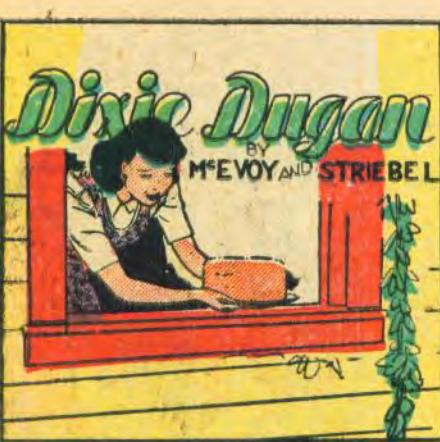
NOPE — THEY  
JUST LIVE



# BIG SHOT

## Dixie Dugan

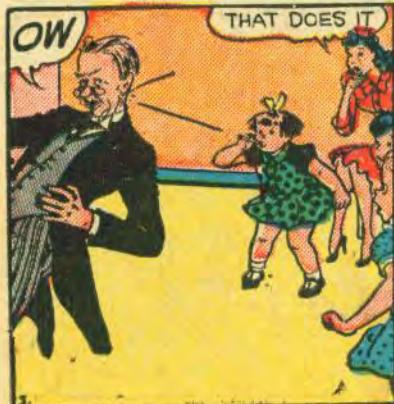
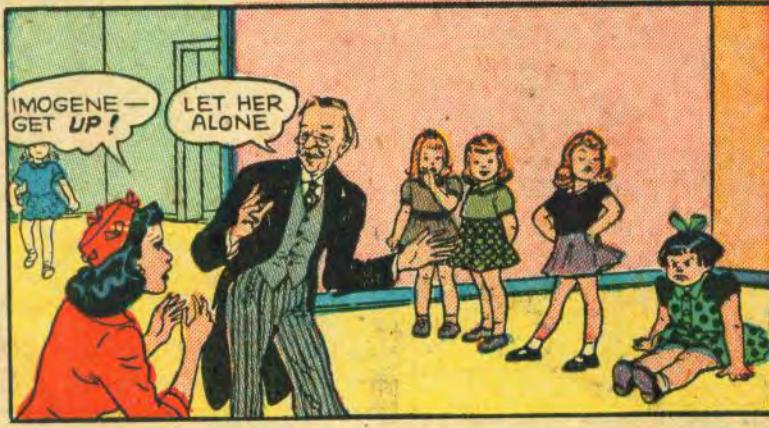
BY McEVoy AND STRIEBEL



# BIG SHOT

# Dixie Dugan

BY McEVoy AND STRIEBEL



# BIG SHOT

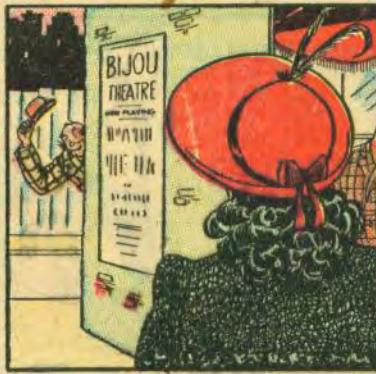
## Dixie Dugan



# BIG SHOT

## MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



BIG SHOT

# MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

WHERE WAS PHIL GOING TONIGHT, MICKEY? HE WENT OUT EARLY!

HE'S BEEN PUT ON THE SICK BENEFIT COMMITTEE AT HIS LODGE, TOM -AND THEY'RE HAVIN' A MEETING TONIGHT.

I SAY WE SHOULD STOP PAYIN' THE SICK BENEFIT TO MEGINTY AT ONCE! HE'S NOT SICK - HE'S ONLY FAKIN'!

HE LOOKED PRETTY SICK TO US WHEN WE WERE OVER TO SEE HIM LAST WEEK, PHIL! HE WAS FLAT ON HIS BACK!

SURE! AND HE'LL STAY FLAT ON HIS BACK - AS LONG AS HE KEEPS GETTIN' OUR BENEFIT EVERY WEEK! HE'S JUST HAVIN' A NICE RESTFUL VACATION - AT OUR EXPENSE!

WE'VE CHECKED WITH HIS DOCTOR, PHIL - AND HE SAID MEGINTY MAY NEVER WALK AGAIN - THAT HE'S LOST THE POWER OF HIS LEGS!

HE HAS IN A PIG'S EYE! HE'S GOT MORE POWER IN HIS LEGS THAN I HAVE - AND I'LL BETCHA I CAN PROVE IT!

HOW?

JUST KEEP OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND THESE BUSHES - I'LL PROVE MY POINT IN A VERY FEW MINUTES!

OKAY! GO AHEAD IN!

I HEARD YOU WERE DEATHLY SICK, MEGINTY - SO I FIGURED I'D BETTER COME OVER BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE!

OH, I'M NOT THAT BAD, PHIL! I THINK I'LL GET WELL EVENTUALLY! -BUT IT'S MIGHTY NICE OF YOU TO COME OVER!

I ONLY CAME OVER BECAUSE I'M A VERY PRACTICAL MAN, MEGINTY! I DON'T WANT YOU TO PULL A BARNEY FLANAGAN ON ME!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY A BARNEY FLANAGAN?

I MEAN THAT FLANAGAN THOUGHT HE WAS GONNA GET WELL, TOO - AND I'M NOT MAKIN' THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE!

WHAT MISTAKE?

FLANAGAN OWED ME SOME MONEY, MEGINTY - AND WHEN HE KICKED THE BUCKET I WAS JUST OUT OF LUCK!

SO WHILE YOU'RE STILL CONSCIOUS, I'D LIKE YOU TO PAY ME THE FIVE BUCKS I LOANED YOU FIVE YEARS AGO - AT "FIVE FINGER FINNEGAN'S BAKE!"

BY GOLLY, CLANCY - HE WAS RIGHT!

DEFINITELY!

W-WHAT HAPPENED?

HE HAD A POINT TO PROVE - AND HE PROVED IT!

## MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

LATE LAST WINTER

I UNDERSTAND THAT PHIL HAS QUIT GOING TO THE GYM AT HIS LODGE, MICKEY?

YES, SERGEANT-HE DECIDED IT WAS TOO STRENUIOS - HE'S GOING TO REDUCE THE EASY WAY!

YOU MEAN HE'S REALLY GOING TO START EATING LESS FOOD?

OH, NO-NOT THAT! HE'S GOING TO A MASSEUR! SOMEBODY TOLD HIM THAT A GOOD ONE COULD RUB OFF A COUPLE OF POUNDS A DAY!

HA! THAT'S RICH! ALL THE MASSEURS IN THE COUNTRY COULDN'T RUB OFF HIS CORPORATION - NOT IN TWENTY YEARS!

THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HIM! BUT HE WENT OUT TO LOOK FOR ONE JUST THE SAME!

OUR FEE IS \$25.00 A TREATMENT - OR \$200.00 FOR A SERIES OF TEN!

GOOD DAY!

THEY WANT \$25.00 A TREATMENT, EH? I'LL BET "ROUND HEEL" ROONEY WOULD DO IT FOR A COUPLE OF BUCKS!

"ROUND HEEL" ROONEY? THE OLD HEAVYWEIGHT FIGHTER?

YEAH! HE'S OPENED A LITTLE GYM OVER ON JAY STREET-RIGHT NEXT TO DUGAN'S DINER!

LISTEN, PHIL-TAKE MY ADVICE AND KEEP AWAY FROM ROONEY! HE'S PUNCH DRUNK!

HE MAY BE A LITTLE PUNCHY, CLANCY, BUT HE'S A GREAT RUBBER! LOTS OF BOXERS AND JOCKEYS GO TO HIM WHEN THEY HAVE TROUBLE MAKIN' WEIGHT!

THANKS FOR THE SUGGESTION, MONAHAN-I'LL GO OVER AND SEE HIM RIGHT NOW!

AND YOU GUARANTEE THAT YOU CAN RUB THIS CORPORATION OFF?

POZALOOTELY! SLIP INTA DESE TRUNKS SO I KIN GIVE YA A COMPLEX DIAGNOSES!

AS ME OLD PERFESSER IN DE REFORM SCHOOL ALBUMINEL MUSSELS WOULD SAY-DIS IS DE MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM FOIST! WILL YA EXCUSE US, SHERIFF? WE GOTTA HOLD A LITTLE PRIVATE CONSULTOOSHEN!

SOITENLY -I MEAN CERTAINLY!

IT'D BE DA QUICKEST WAY TO SOFTEN IT UP, ROONEY-AND AFTER ALL, HE'S ONLY PAYIN' TWO BUCKS!

DAT'S RIGHT - BUT FOIST WE'D BETTER CONWINCE HIM DAT HIS CASE CALLS FOR PLASTIC MEZZURES.

DO ANYTHING YOU WISH, ROONEY! I'M PLACING MYSELF COMPLETELY IN YOUR HANDS!

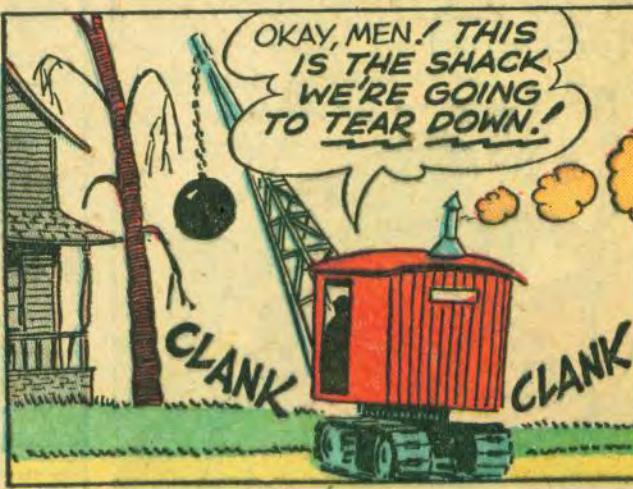
CLANG! ! ! OOF!

# BIG SHOT

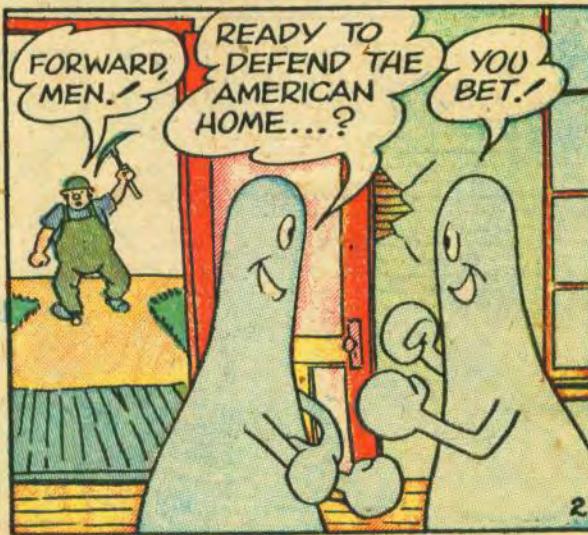
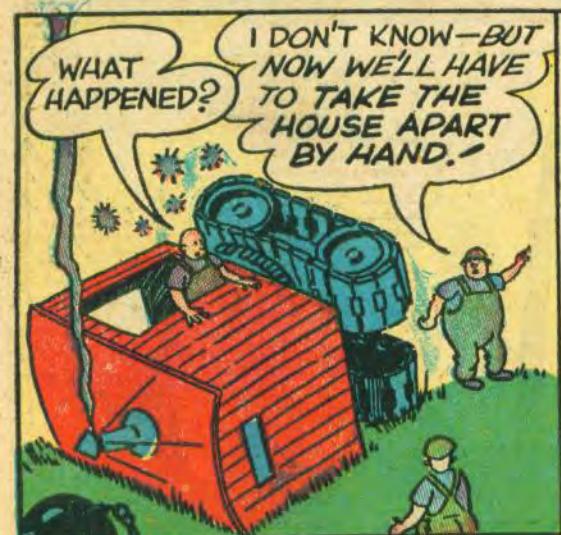
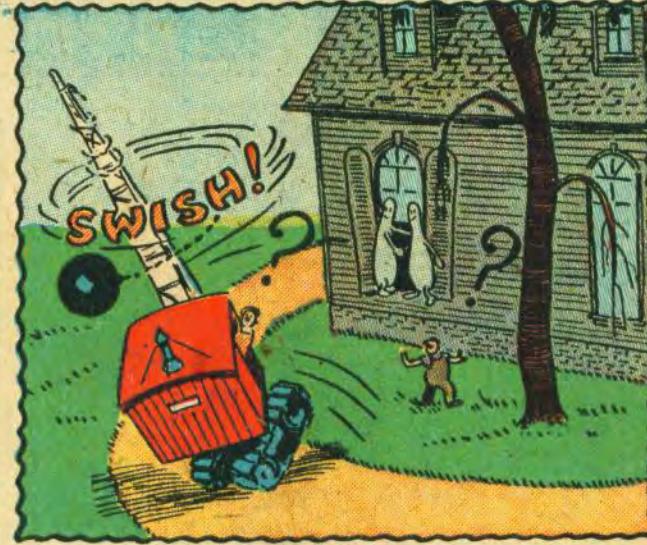


# BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY MARION



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

HEY, BOSS!  
I CAN'T EVEN  
PRY THIS  
FLOOR LOOSE!

IT'S AS IF SOME  
INVISIBLE FORCE  
WERE TAWARTING  
OUR EFFORTS!



WHAT WE NEED  
IS MORE MAN-POWER  
... SEND FOR  
MORE MEN!



IT'S A LOSING  
FIGHT, DRACKY.  
— TOO MANY  
OF THEM! —

LET THEM  
GO AHEAD  
— I HAVE  
A PLAN! —



I HOPE YOU'RE  
SATISFIED —

(GOOD! NOW,  
WHILE THEY  
ARE ALMOST  
FINISHED PULLING  
DOWN THE  
HOUSE.)



HA HA! I  
CATCH ON! —

WHEN THEY COME  
BACK, THEY'RE  
IN FOR A BIG  
SURPRISE! —



# BIG SHOT

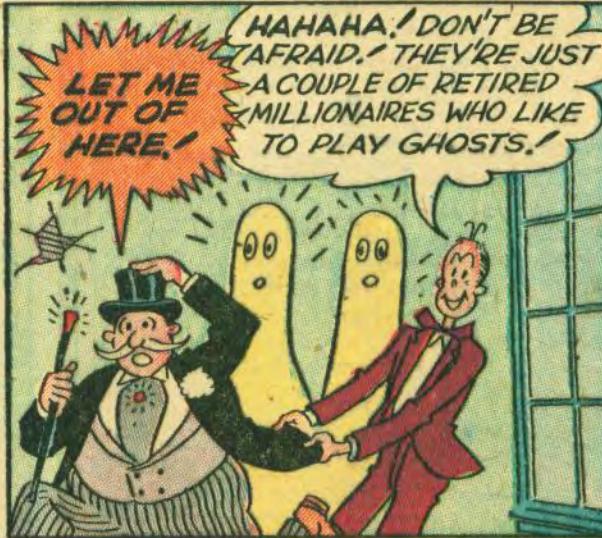
WHY ISN'T THE HOUSE TORN DOWN?... I PAID FIFTY-THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THIS PROPERTY!... AND I WANT MY FACTORY ERECTED IN A HURRY!!!

BUT, MISTER MILLION BUCKS—  
EVERY TIME WE TEAR IT DOWN, THE HOUSE BUILDS ITSELF UP AGAIN!—

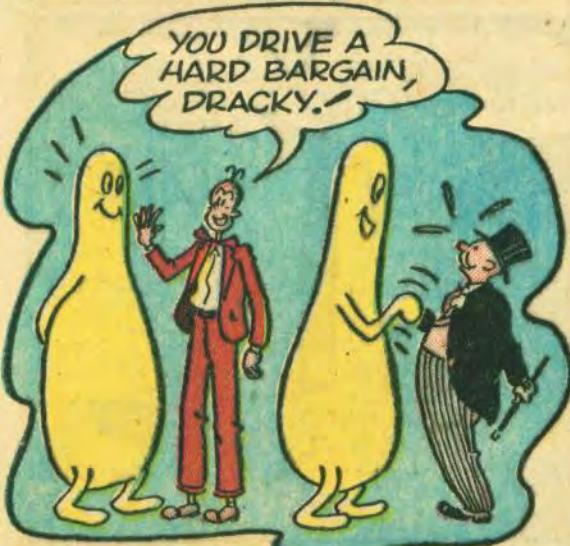


HAHA! YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL YOU TALK WITH FRANKIE AND DRACKY!

THEN LEAD ME TO THEM!

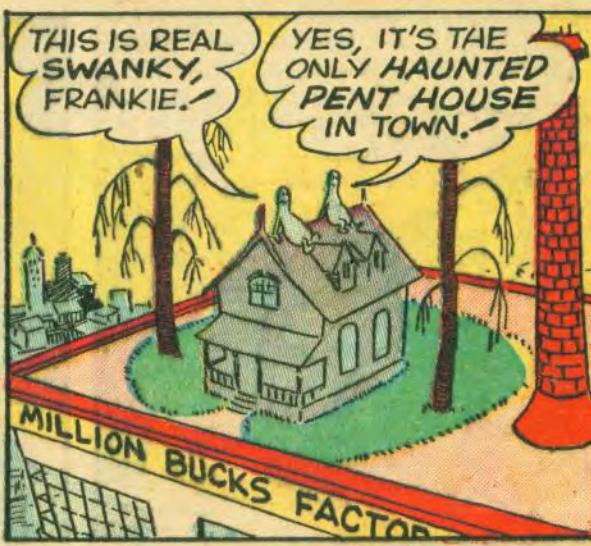


YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN, DRACKY.



THIS IS REAL SWANKY, FRANKIE!

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# The Revolution Comes to Jamie Cuthbert

By MART BAILEY

JAMIE CUTHBERT, who had hoped some day to win the Heavyweight Boxing Championship of the British Empire and instead had won the hand of Dorothy Holliday and had contentedly settled down to the life of a Massachusetts farmer, did not hear the horseman at first. He was roused to wakefulness in the dark room by the squalling of his daughter, Dorothy, age three months and eleven days.

Groaning, he pulled together the six-foot-four inches of his huge, muscular frame and bounded out of the big feathered bed. His bare feet caught a splinter from the planked floor, and he hopped about on one foot fumbling for it, when he became aware, above the bawling of the infant, of a man shouting and a horse stamping the turf beneath his bedroom window.

"All right All right!" he shouted, his voice booming through the house. "Do you want to wake the house?" He opened the small latticed windows wider and leaned over the sill.

"Be careful, dear," cautioned his wife, holding the quietening baby in the shadows. "It may be some ruffian."

The night was dark — it was scarcely after midnight of April 19, 1775—so he did not immediately recognize the man in the tri-cornered hat who sat upon the impatiently sidling horse.

"General Gage has dispatched a force of 800 men to destroy our military stores at Concord," said the horseman, breathing hard. "They're also on the way to Parson Clarke's house to arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams."

Jamie recognized him now. He was the dentist who had rigged a bit of ivory on a silver wire to replace Jamie's missing front tooth. A strange man—jack of all trades, metalsmith, engraver, artist, soldier, almost anything you could mention—a hothead named Paul Revere.

"What is that to me?" snapped Jamie.

The horseman had been about to dash away. He wheeled his impatient mount back to the house. "Don't you understand?" he bellowed.

"We need every man able to carry a musket to stop them. Liberty is in the balance tonight!"

Jamie made a derisive sound with his tongue. "It's my sleep is in the balance tonight," he complained. "Go rouse some other hotheads like yourself. I'm going back to bed."

As he started to pull in his head from the window, the front door downstairs opened and a giant of a man stepped out. It was his friend, Paddy Doyle, the Dublin Terror, who had been a second father to him and had taught him all he knew about boxing.

"Thank Heavens there's one man in the house!" spat Paul Reveré, and roweled his horse's flanks with his spurs. The animal reared on its hind legs, and was off across the countryside as if pursued by seven demons,

Paddy Doyle looked up at the window. The night masked the grin on his fist-mashed face, but he waved the long musket invitingly. "Come on, Jamie-boy, or you'll miss the sport!"

"You ought to be ashamed," Jamie told him. "Are you going to fight our friends in England, too?"

"It's not our friends I fight," said Paddy Doyle, his voice husky in the darkness. "It's tyranny. Aye, and if there's trouble tonight, 'tis many a true Englishman will be standing shoulder to shoulder with me on the firing line. Hurry, Jamie-lad!"

"Hurry yourself," blurted Jamie Cuthbert. "You'll be in fit company among addle-pated idiots!"

He shut the latticed windows with a bang that set the baby crying again. For a few moments he stood there in his nightshirt, watching Paddy Doyle race across the fields. Beyond the rail fence, the old pugilist was joined by other running shadows. They would be farmers and farmhands from the neighborhood. Minute Men, they called themselves.

"Fools and madmen," Jamie Cuthbert muttered, climbing back into bed.

## BIG SHOT

IF HE HAD EXPECTED to drop right off to sleep again, Jamie was mistaken. Dorothy had quitted the baby, and all was silent in the night around the farm and the surrounding woods. But he couldn't get to sleep. He stared up at the attic rafters, just barely discernible in the darkness. Already he regretted the sharp words flung at his old friend.

The long friendship between him and Paddy Doyle, the battered old pugilist, was too precious, too heart-warming, too necessary to his contentment, to be thrown away in a hot temper. Yet he put the blame on Paddy for being such a fool, and cuddled his own hurt feelings under a blanket of self-righteousness.

Tonight's swiftly moving events had not been unexpected. For months they had been discussed and planned, and not in whispers. Everyone knew what was coming; or, rather, thought they knew what was coming. Few even remotely suspected that their actions would finally create a new nation out of thirteen niggling colonies. Paddy and Jamie had talked the matter practically to death, with themselves and their neighbors. At first, like Jamie, Paddy was indifferent, inclined to scoff good-humoredly. He had no doubt about any demonstration of feeling being quickly put down by the militia. But the firebrands' wild talk kindled his Irish heart until it flamed. Jamie, on the other hand, remained coldly unable to see any sense in the growing anger. He had done with fighting; he had never fought, anyway, except with his fists in the prize-ring; he was a peaceful farmer now, desiring only prosperity for his crops and his herds and his family. Paddy forgave him. He realized, that the young Scot did not know, as he did at first hand, that tyranny could destroy all those things and turn a man into a hunted animal simply because he wanted to go to his own church on Sundays.

As he lay on the enormous four-poster bed, his brain fuming with annoying thoughts, the drum of horses' hooves again pounded across his fields. On his front door sounded heavy raps, as of a rifle butt hammered against the panels.

"Open up!" demanded a voice accustomed to being opened.

The baby started crying again, and Jamie Cuthbert angrily flung himself out of bed and crossed to the window.

"What do you want now?" he shouted down, and then saw that this disturber of his night's rest was not Paul Revere, as he had expected. Even in the blue nocturnal gloom he recognized the lanky, rapier-straight frame of Squire Kingsman, whom he called, with good reason, "the long-legged snake." The Squire was accompanied by two red-coated infantrymen. Evidently they belonged to the small clump of troops whom

Jamie now saw halted and at ease on the other side of the meadow.

"That you, Master Cuthbert?" snapped the Squire, sitting erect upon his prancing mount—a spirited black horse named *Satan*, as undependable and wicked as the Squire himself. "It's lucky you are to be home tonight and not abroad with the rebels."

Disappointment rang in the Squire's voice, and Jamie Cuthbert knew why. The Squire had never forgiven him for marrying Dorothy Holliday. He still looked for ways to bedevil the young Scot. If Jamie had not been at home, as the other militia men could have testified, he would have been arrested on sight and hurried along to the gallows.

"And why am I lucky?" asked Jamie, leaning out the window. "That is, besides being the husband of Dorothy Holliday?" he added, unable to restrain the thrust.

He never knew whether it was the horse or the Squire that snorted in the darkness.

"Because within the hour your rebel friends will be dead," sneered the Squire. "We ride to spring the trap that comes of knowing where they plan to gather their forces."

THE SQUIRE trotted off in the darkness, followed by the two riflemen on foot. Long after the last hoofbeat had died on the cool night air, Jamie Cuthbert remained at the open window. His nostrils filled with the smells of Spring blossoming over the earth. Except for Dorothy lulling the baby, all was quiet. The world seemed at peace. That momentous events were afoot, that soon would be fired "the shot heard 'round the world," seemed incredible.

"Are you going to stand there all night?" asked Dorothy, gently.

Jamie said nothing. He was thinking of Paddy Doyle and the farmers and farmhands with him. Fools and madmen, he had called them. But they were all good men. Good men. His friends. Could they be wrong and an unhang'd rogue like Squire Kingsman be right? It was unthinkable. And they were doomed. Squire Kingsman and his militia were marching to spring the trap.

Jamie turned as Dorothy touched his arm. He made out the dim outline of her sweet face in the darkness.

"You still have time to warn them," she whispered. "By the time you have saddled the horse I'll have your musket and pistols ready."

Jamie Cuthbert kissed his wife. "Paddy and the others are Minute Men," he whispered with a chuckle. "I'm a Half-Hour Man myself!"

THE END

# BO

BY FRANK BECK

BO AND JUNIOR HAVE AIDED THE POLICE IN CAPTURING TWO GUNPOWDER HOARDERS



# BIG SHOT

HE SURE KNOWS HIS WAY AROUND THESE SIDE STREETS AND BACK ALLEYS.

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, BO.

OH BOY, AM I GOING TO GET BO IN BAD!

KEEP OFF

HERE WE ARE IN THE PARK... NOW WHERE IS THE BIKE PATH?

IT'S MORE FUN IF YOU PICK OUT THE ONES WHO ARE JUST LEARNING TO RIDE.

NOW I'LL CHASE THE NEXT ONE AND YOU WATCH WHAT HAPPENS.

LOOK OUT!  
GO AWAY OR  
YOU'LL BE RUN OVER!

THERE SHE GOES INTO THE CURB... NOW IF I CAN GET BO DOING THIS HE'LL SOON LOSE HIS HERO RATING.

I DIDN'T SEE ANY FUN IN THAT. WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WELL.. SHE DIDN'T YELL AND MAKE AS MUCH FUSS AS MOST OF THEM DO.

# BIG SHOT

I'LL PICK OUT  
ANOTHER ONE AND  
TRY IT, AND YOU  
WATCH AGAIN.



THERE'S A LITTLE  
AMMONIA IN IT  
TO MAKE THE  
FLAVOR LAST.



OUCH! MY  
EYES BURN...  
AND I SWALLOWED  
SOME OF IT, TOO.  
PHOOIE !!

AND YOU  
CALL THAT  
FUN ... I  
STILL DON'T  
GET IT,  
TRIX.



THAT BICYCLIST MADE  
A SAP OUT OF ME IN FRONT  
OF BO WITH HIS AMMONIA  
PISTOL. I'VE GOT TO  
GET THIS STUFF OUT  
OF MY EYES AND  
STOP CRYING.



THAT POND WILL  
DO THE TRICK. THEN  
I CAN START THINKING  
OF A WAY TO GET  
BO IN BAD...



COME ON,  
LET'S TAKE  
A SWIM  
IN THAT  
POND, BO!

THEY DON'T  
ALLOW DOGS  
IN THE PARK  
LAKES.



WHO CARES. THERE'S  
NOBODY AROUND  
BUT THAT  
TRAMP.



# BIG SHOT

OUCH.. MY EYES--  
THE WATER IS WASHING  
THAT STUFF INTO 'EM.  
I'VE GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE--



HO-HUM-M.. LOOK--  
A DOG IN THE POND!  
SO THAT'S WHERE  
OUR GOLDFISH  
HAVE GONE?



GET OUT OF  
THERE YOU..  
YOU...YOU  
GOLDFISH  
KILLER--



GOING IN SWIMMING  
TO GET RID OF THAT  
AMMONIA WASN'T SO  
GOOD. IT'S RUNNING  
INTO MY EYES! I  
CAN'T SEE!



I GOSH THAT MAN IS  
MAD. TRIX KNEW DOGS  
AREN'T ALLOWED IN  
PARK PONDS.. I  
HOPE HE GETS  
AWAY--



TRYING TO GET  
AWAY  
ON THE  
OTHER  
SIDE, EH!  
I'LL FOOL  
HIM--



THIS AMMONIA IN  
MY EYES IS AWFUL.  
I CAN'T SEE--  
I'M SWIMMING  
IN CIRCLES!



RUN ME AROUND  
THE POND--  
I'LL FIX  
YOU--



# BIG SHOT

TRIX SURE HAS NERVE --  
LOOK HOW HE'S TEASING  
THAT MAN. I'D BE SO  
SCARED I'D GET  
RIGHT OUT.

!!\*&!! NO DOG CAN MAKE A  
FOOL OUT OF ME. I'LL GO AND  
GET GUS TO  
HELP ME.

YOU'D BETTER  
BEAT IT. WITH A  
MAN ON EACH SIDE  
TO GRAB YOU, IT'S  
TOO RISKY.

I CAN'T  
SEE THAT  
AMMONIA  
IS IN MY  
EYES!

I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE KIDDING HIM!  
YOU MEAN ...OH  
MY GOSH!!

WHERE  
ARE YOU,  
BO?

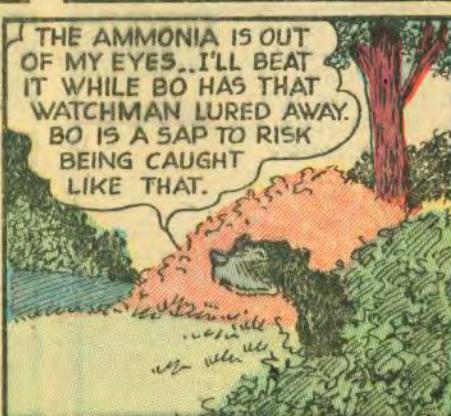
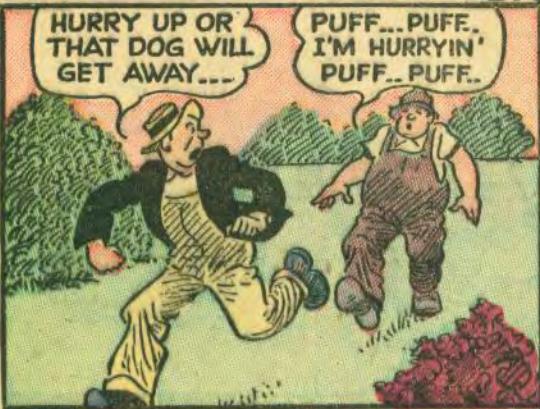
I NEED HELP TO CATCH  
THAT POOCH IN THE  
FISH POND!

I CAN'T  
LEAVE THIS  
NOW. LATER  
MAYBE?

HERE I AM, TRIX. GRAB  
HOLD OF MY TAIL AND I'LL  
GUIDE YOU ASHORE. THAT  
PARK WATCHMAN WILL  
BE BACK WITH HELP SO  
MAKE IT SNAPPY.

OUCH! YOU'RE BITING  
MY TAIL OFF. I SAID I'D  
**GUIDE** YOU, NOT **TOW**  
YOU ASHORE. KEEP  
ON SWIMMING

# BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

# TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



ONE NIGHT IN PARIS, TONY TRENT, FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT AND ACE NEWS BROADCASTER, HEARS SOUNDS OF A MURDEROUS SCUFFLE — AND THUS RENEWS HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE MOST WICKED GENIUS IN EUROPE!



A S HE PLUNGE'S HEADLONG INTO THE DARK ALLEY TO RESCUE THE VICTIM OF THE DEADLY ATTACK, AN EVIL LAUGH CHUCKLES OUT OF THE SHADOWS...



A ND A CANE THRUST DEFTLY BETWEEN HIS FLYING LEGS, PITCHES HIM OVER THE COBBLE-STONES.—



# BIG SHOT

YOU WHO  
HAVE READ  
THE  
TONY TRENT  
BOOK NO.3  
HAVE  
ALREADY  
MET THIS  
SINISTER  
MAN....

CAN YOU  
GUESS  
WHO HE IS  
BEFORE  
TONY TRENT  
DOES?

WHOEVER YOU ARE,  
THAT'LL CHILL YOU  
OFF WHILE I ATTEND  
TO YOUR CHUMS.

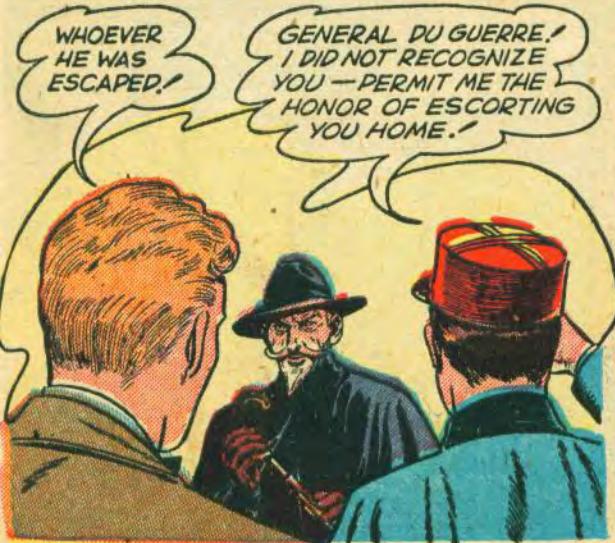
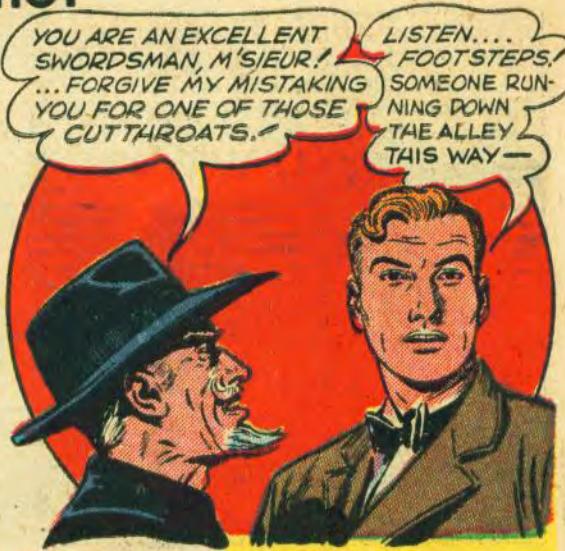
I'M REALLY DOING YOU  
A FAVOR—BECAUSE  
YOUR VICTIM REALLY  
CAN USE HIS CANE!

DON'T! I  
AM A  
FRIEND!

OOPS! A  
SWORD-CANE!

WHERE HAVE  
I HEARD THAT  
DEVIL'S LAUGH?

# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

IT READS: "TO-NIGHT I GAVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE TO DIE, SWORD IN HAND IN THE GLORIOUS TRADITION AS BEFITS A CHIVALROUS HUMBUG LIKE YOU ... NOW I SHALL END THIS CAT-AND- MOUSE GAME WITH A STOP THRUST!"

I THINK I FINALLY SEE THE HAND OF THE FENCING MASTER OF EUROPE!

MMM... A FOREIGNER KNOWN ONLY BY THAT NOM-DE-GUERRE DID HELP TO EDUCATE THE MAQUIS IN STREET FIGHTING, AS WELL AS IN THE MOST EFFICIENT METHODS OF GARROTING AND OTHER FORMS OF MURDER...

NOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER AND HIS CROWD HAS FAILED TO GAIN POWER BY LEGAL MEANS, HE HAS RETURNED TO START A REVOLUTION!



THAT EXPLAINS ALL THE RECENT ATTACKS ON MY LIFE! SINCE I AM FOREMOST IN DEFENDING THE LIBERTY OF FRANCE, I MUST BE HIS FIRST VICTIM! .... BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?

YOU MIGHT SAY I KNOW ABOUT HIM THROUGH A FRIEND — THE FACE...



THE FACE! AH, THERE IS A MAN TO TAKE HIS STAND WITH THE GREAT HEROES OF THE AGES.. HOW I WISH I MIGHT GAZE UPON THAT BEAUTIFULLY GROTESQUE COUNTENANCE!



WHAT DO YOU SKETCH AT THE DRAWING-BOARD, M'SIEUR TRENT?

YOU SAID YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE ONE MAN WHO EVER WAS ABLE TO COPE WITH THE FENCING MASTER OF EUROPE!



MEET THE FACE!



# BIG SHOT

ALORS! THE FACE IS ON  
THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE  
EARTH, FIGHTING THEM IN CHINA...

THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN  
IN FRANCE WHO CAN STOP  
THE FENCING MASTER OF  
EUROPE...

I - GENERAL DU GUERRE -  
CHAMPION SWORDSMAN  
OF THE WORLD!

M'SIEUR! DON'T LET MY  
GRANDFATHER LEAVE THE  
HOUSE... NO TELLING WHAT  
HE MAY DO - OR WHAT MAY  
HAPPEN TO HIM... HE  
IS OUT OF HIS MIND!

THAT STRANGE  
METALLIC  
OBJECT ON  
THE FLOOR...

M'SIEUR!  
WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

FORGIVE ME, MADEMOISELLE!  
YOUR GRANDFATHER NEGLECTED  
TO SAY THE NOTE CAME WRAPPED  
IN WHAT ONLY COULD BE A SMALL  
BOMB - PRIMED TO EXPLODE  
AT ANY MOMENT!

IS THIS THE END OF TONY TRENT? .....

BAM!

# The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Our Magazine Readers

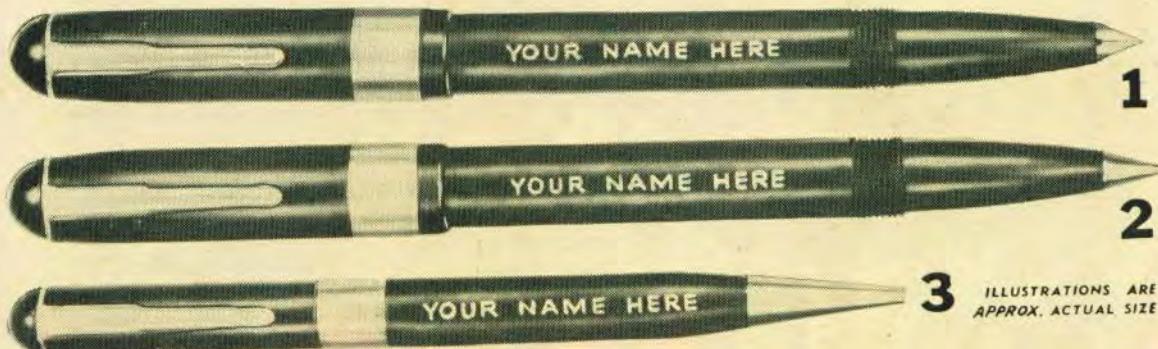


New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.

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## 2 BALL POINT PEN

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